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## Waterley Novels.

No. VI.

KENILWORTH CASTLE, IN 1620. ]



THE view of Kenilworth Castle which we present to our readers is from a rare drawing made by Henry Beighton, in 1776, an engraving from which was published in 1820, by Messrs. Merridew and Son, of Coventry.

The ruins of this once magnificent castle are situated in the county of Warwick, S. W. of Coventry, and 88 miles N. W. of London. It was built by Jeffrey de Clinton, chamberlain to Henry I. who obtained a grant of the manor. It was afterwards given by Henry III. to Simon Montfort, earl of Leicester, and Eleanor, his wife, during their lives. This earl, joining in the rebellion with the barons, was, with his eldest son, slain at the battle of Evesham; but the castle was six months held against the king, by Henry de Hastings, appointed governor by Simon de Montfort, son of the deceased earl, he being absent in France, whither he went in order to so-

VOL. VIII.

E

licit assistance to raise the siege. After the surrender of this fortress, the king bestowed it on his son, Edmund, and his heirs lawfully begotten; he likewise granted him free chase and free warren in all his demesne, lands, and woods, belonging thereto, with a weekly market and annual fair. In the 15th of Edward II. this castle escheated to the crown by the attainder of Thomas, earl of Lancaster. In the 13th of Edward III. Henry, brother and heir to the earl of Lancaster, had all his brother's estates restored to him, among which was this castle. His sons leaving only two daughters, on a partition, the castle fell to Blanche, the younger, who married John of Gaunt; by whom, towards the latter end of the reign of Richard II. was built that part of the castle still called Lancaster buildings. All the buildings now remaining seem to have been built by John

207

of Gaunt; Cesar's tower, the outer walls and turrets towards the east end excepted. John of Gaunt leaving issue, Henry, surnamed Bolingbroke, who was afterwards king, by the name of Henry IV. this castle came to the crown. Henry VIII. bestowed much cost in repairing and altering the castle; among other works, according to Leland, he removed that building erected by king Henry V. in a low, marshy ground, denominated *Le Pleasan's en Mary's*; and set part of it up again in the base-court of the castle, near the swan-tower. It continued in the crown till the reign of queen Elizabeth, who, by her letters patent, granted it to her favourite, Robert, lord Dudley, afterwards by her created baron Denbigh and earl of Leicester, and his heirs. He rebuilt great part of it, and beautified it in the most elegant manner, so that at that time it was reckoned one of the most agreeable seats in England. Queen Elizabeth honoured the earl with a visit at this place, where the preparations for her reception were such as might have been expected, when a sovereign of the greatest dignity condescends to shew such marks of favour to a prime minister.

This once noble structure has been long falling to decay; there still indeed remain many fragments of walls, gates, towers, and rooms, but they are so unconnected, that it is impossible to form an idea of the original grandeur of the whole. The august ruins of this castle afford the most striking instance of the instability of human affairs! This place, the abode of barons, little less powerful than kings, which so long resisted all the strength of Henry III. and which was at last subdued rather by sickness and famine, than by the superior force of the royal army; which still retained its importance, and, in the hands of Elizabeth's favourite, Leicester, exceeded most of the royal habitations in magnificence; and which, from the thickness and structure of the walls, seemed to bid defiance to time itself—is now only a picturesque heap of ruins! Of the apartments once graced with the presence of that queen, and of her court, with all the splendour which the princely owner could exhibit to entertain such a company, nothing remains but fragments of bare walls! The only habitable place is a part of the gateway, filled with the family of a farmer; in one of whose chambers is an alabaster chimney-piece, with the letters R. L. carved thereon, once the ornament of a far different apartment.

It was in this castle the unfortunate Edward II. was kept prisoner, and here he resigned his crown, if it may be called

a resignation, to his son, Edward III. Jeffrey de Clinton, the founder of this castle, also built a noble convent here for monks of the Augustine order, who lived in it with great splendour upwards of 400 years. Great part of the ruins of this stately abbey still remain, from whence it appears to have been originally one of the most magnificent structures in England.

It was however during the reign of the maiden queen that the glories of Kenilworth shone forth with most brilliancy, and her favourite, the earl of Leicester, on whom she had bestowed it, spent £60,000 in decorating it.

One of the most remarkable events in the history of this castle, is the entertainment given to Elizabeth, which forms the ground-work of the beautiful romance of "Kenilworth." The tradition of this grand festivity still lives in the country; such having been the impression made upon the minds of the country people by the grandeur of the occasion, that, in a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, it has not died from their remembrance. The following is an account given by an eye-witness of her majesty's reception:—

"On the 9th of July, 1575, in the evening, the queen approached the first gate of the castle; the porter, a man tall in person, and of stern countenance, with a club and keys, accosted her majesty in a rough speech, full of passion, in metre, aptly made for the purpose, and demanded the cause of all this din and noise, and reeling about within the charge of his office. But upon seeing the queen, as if he had been struck instantaneously, and pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing heroic sovereignty, he fell down on his knees, humbly prays pardon for his ignorance, yields up his club and keys, and proclaims open gates and free passage to all.

"Immediately the trumpeters who stood on the wall, being six in number, each eight feet high, with their silvery trumpets of five feet long, sounded up a tune of welcome.

"These harmonious blasters maintained their delectable music while the queen rode through the tilt-yard to the grand entrance of the castle, which was washed by the lake.

"As she passed, a moveable inland approached, on which sat the Lady of the Lake, who offered up her dominion to her majesty, which she had held since the days of king Arthur.

"This scene ended by a delectable harmony of hautbois, shalmes, cornets, with other loud musical instruments,

playing while her majesty passed into the castle gate.

"When she entered the castle a new scene was presented to her:—several of the heathen gods brought their gifts before her—Sylvanus, god of the woods, Pomona with fruit, Ceres with corn, Bacchus with grapes, Neptune with his trident, Mars with his arms, Apollo with musical instruments, all presented themselves to welcome her majesty in this singular place. An inscription over the gate explained the whole.

"Her majesty was graciously pleased to accept the gifts of these divinities, when was struck up a concert of flutes and other soft music. When alighting from her palfrey, she was conveyed into her chamber, when her arrival was announced through the country by a peal of cannon from the ramparts, and fireworks at night."

Here the queen was entertained for sixteen days, at an expense of £1,000 a-day. The queen's genius seems to have been greatly consulted in the pomp and solemnity of the whole, to which some have added the entertainment of bear-baiting, &c.

The great clock was stopped during her majesty's continuance in the castle, as if time had stood still, waiting on the queen, and seeing her subjects enjoy themselves.

### KENILWORTH; A ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

(Concluded from page 39.)

VARNEY gets Alasco to prepare a poison, which he hoped would either poison the countess, or at least render her unable to appear at Kenilworth. Compelled by the threats of the wretch, she drinks it without the dire effect, through an antidote given her by Wayland. The countess quits Cumnor in disguise, under the protection of Wayland, who had arranged the escape with Janet; and after encountering Varney, who mistakes them for revellers, and meeting with other interesting adventures, they reach Kenilworth, where, with some difficulty, they get admission.

The countess was appointed an apartment in Mervyn's Tower, where she found materials for writing. She immediately wrote a letter to the Earl of Leicester; and "in lieu of a seal and silken thread, she secured it with a braid of her own beautiful tresses, secured by what is called a true-love knot." The letter was given to Wayland, but he determined to see Tressilian before he had it delivered. By a singular fatality, the apartment oc-

cupied by the countess had been assigned to Tressilian, who entered by means of a master-key, and saw his long-lost Amy. She started with surprise on seeing him, and the paleness of her cheeks gave way to a deep blush:—

"Tressilian," she said, at length, "why come you here?"

"Nay, why come *you* here, Amy," returned Tressilian, "unless it be at length to claim that aid, which, as far as one man's heart and arm can extend, shall instantly be rendered to you?"

She was silent a moment, and then answered in a sorrowful, rather than an angry tone,—"I require no aid, Tressilian, and would rather be injured than benefited by any which your kindness can offer me. Believe me, I am near one whom law and love oblige to protect me."

"The villain, then, hath done you the poor justice which remained in his power," said Tressilian; "and I behold before me the wife of Varney!"

"The wife of Varney!" she replied, with all the emphasis of scorn; "with what base name, sir, does your boldness stigmatize the—the—the"—She hesitated, dropped her tone of scorn, looked down, and was confused and silent, for she recollected what fatal consequences might attend her completing the sentence with "the Countess of Leicester," which were the words that had naturally suggested themselves. It would have been a betrayal of the secret, on which her husband had assured her that his fortunes depended, to Tressilian, to Sussex, to the queen, and to the whole assembled court. "Never," she thought, "will I break my promised silence. I will submit to every suspicion rather than that."

The tears rose to her eyes as she stood silent before Tressilian; while looking on her with mingled grief and pity, he said, "alas! Amy, your eyes contradict your tongue. That speaks of a protector, willing and able to watch over you; but these tell me you are ruined and deserted by the wretch to whom you have attached yourself."

She looked on him, with eyes in which anger sparkled through her tears, but only repeated the word "wretch!" with a scornful emphasis.

"Yes, *wretch!*" said Tressilian, "for were he ought better, why are you here, and alone in my apartment? why was not fitting provisions made for your honourable reception?"

"In your apartment!" repeated Amy; "in *your* apartment! It shall instantly be relieved of my presence." She hastened towards the door; but the sad recollection of her deserted state at once

pressed on her mind, and, pausing on the threshold, she added, in a tone unutterably pathetic, "Alas! I had forgot—I know not where to go."——

"I see—I see it all," said Tressilian, springing to her side, and leading her back to the seat, on which she sunk down—"you *do* need aid—you *do* need protection, though you will not own it; and you shall not need it in vain. Leaning on my arm, as the representative of your excellent and broken-hearted father, on the very threshold of the castle-gate, you shall meet Elizabeth; and the first deed she shall do in the halls of Kenilworth, shall be an act of justice to her sex and her subjects. Strong in my good cause, and in the queen's justice, the power of her minion shall not shake my resolution. I will instantly seek Sussex."

"Not for all that is under heaven!" said the countess, much alarmed, and feeling the absolute necessity of obtaining time, at least, for consideration. "Tressilian, you were wont to be generous—grant me one request, and believe, if it be your wish to save me from misery, and from madness, you will do more by making me the promise I ask of you, than Elizabeth can do for me with all her power."

"Ask me any thing for which you can allege reason," said Tressilian; "but demand not of me——"

"O limit not your boon, dear Edmund!" exclaimed the countess, "you once loved that I should call you so—limit not your boon to reason! for my case is all madness, and phrensy must guide the counsels which alone can aid me."

"If you speak thus wildly," said Tressilian, astonishment again overpowering both his grief and his resolution, "I must believe you, indeed, incapable of thinking or acting for yourself."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, sinking on one knee before him, "I am not mad—I am but a creature unutterably miserable, and from circumstances the most singular, dragged on to a precipice by the arm of him who thinks he is keeping me from it—even by your's Tressilian—by your's, whom I have honoured, respected—all but loved—and yet loved too—loved too, Tressilian—though not as you wished me."

There was an energy—a self-possession—an abandonment in her voice and manner—a total resignation of herself to his generosity, which, together with the kindness of her expressions to himself, moved him deeply. He raised her, and in broken accents, entreated her to be comforted.

"I cannot," she said, "I will not be comforted till you grant me my request!

I will speak as plainly as I dare—I am now waiting the commands of one who has a right to issue them; the interference of a third person—of you in especial, Tressilian, will be ruin—utter ruin to me. Wait but four-and-twenty hours, and it may be that the poor Amy may have the means to shew that she values, and can reward, your disinterested friendship—that she is happy herself, and has the means to make you so. It is surely worth your patience for so short a space."

Tressilian promises to keep the secret for twenty-four hours; he meets Wayland, who has lost the countess's letter, and in going back to her chamber, he encounters Lambourne, who has him turned out of the castle. The queen now arrives at Kenilworth, when the festivities commence.

Varney had procured certificates that the countess, his supposed wife, was so ill, as to be unable to attend at Kenilworth; these are shown to Tressilian by the queen; and he declares they speak not the truth. The queen declares he shall have a fair hearing; and several noblemen and ladies present speak in praise of Alasco, who had signed the certificate as physician. Tressilian entreated twenty-four hours, in which time, if he did not prove that the certificate spoke falsely, he would lay his head on the block. Varney and Nicholas Blount, and at the request of the Duchess of Rutland, Ralcigh, are all knighted by the queen. Varney urges Leicester to aim at the "crown matrimonial," and the better to persuade him, endeavours to make him suspect the countess's honour, accusing her of passing some time in Tressilian's chamber.—The countess passes her time with great anxiety, and while she is in hopes of seeing her lord, Lambourne enters, muffled up in a cloak, and offers violence to her. The countess shrieks, which brings to her aid Lawrence Staples, the tower-keeper, who threatens to knock Lambourne down with the keys. In the struggle that takes place between them, the countess escapes into the garden, which is soon afterwards entered by the queen, in a hunting-dress, and Leicester, who on this occasion addressed her majesty with an importunity which "became the language of love itself." The queen requested to be alone, and while ruminating on the earl's suit, she saw the unhappy countess, whom she at first mistook for a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations, to surprise her with their homage. The queen was soon undeceived, when the countess approached and claimed her protection:—

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—“I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney.” She choked well nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the queen.

“What Varney—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?”

“I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—”

“To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless,” said Elizabeth. “Thou shalt have it—that is, if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art,” she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—“thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart, of Lidcot Hall?”

“Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!” said Amy, dropping once more on her knee, from which she had arisen.

“For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?” said Elizabeth; “for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches—thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—thy look confesses it—cheated master Treasillian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney.”

Amy sprang on her feet, and interrupted the queen eagerly, with, “No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would take me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!”

The queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy’s vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, “Why, God ha’ mercy! woman—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman,” she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practised on her,—“tell me, woman—for by God’s day, I WILL know—whose wife, or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy; thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.”

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of the precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment’s respite by the eager words, and menacing gestures of the offended queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, “The earl of Leicester knows it all.”

“The earl of Leicester!” said Eliza-

beth, in utter astonishment.—“The earl of Leicester!” she repeated, with kindling anger.—“Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!”

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth hastily advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the pleasure, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant queen.

Leicester was at this time in the midst of a splendid group of lords and ladies, assembled under an arcade, when his ears were assailed by the well-known voice of majesty, “Where is my lord of Leicester?—stand forth my lord of Leicester.” The queen darted into the circle, and pointing to the countess, whom she supported with one hand, inquired of the astonished earl, “knowest thou this woman?”

As at the blast of that last trumpet, the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester’s inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave, and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth; kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flag-stones on which she stood.

“Leicester,” said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, “could I think thou hast practised on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father’s!”

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, “My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers—to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service.”

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor, Dudley, earl of Leicester!—cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the queen than almost any others, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient."

"Patient.—God's life!" exclaimed the queen,—"name not the word to me; thou knowest not of what he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly, (and, alas! how many women have done the same,) forgot her own wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "O, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him for ever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandon her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of ho-

nour, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man altogether overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious, place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had reassumed, as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and, uttering a faint scream, besought of her majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"but spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the queen, moved by a new impulse; "what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he hath sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen.

"My lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

An affecting interview takes place between the earl and the countess, in which she entreats that he will do justice to her and to his own honour, by avowing himself her husband; and that then, if law or power require that he should part from her, she will oppose no objection. Leicester hesitates and talks of defiance. On returning with Varney to his chamber, he calculates on his supposed strength, which he conceives to be "a tree so deep rooted as not easily to be torn up by the tempest." Varney turns the conversation on the subject of the countess, whom he accuses of being in continued connivance with Tressillian, and mentions his meeting him at Cumnor Hall. Leicester, being wrought upon, vows the destruc-



tion of the countess. Varney obtains authority to take her to Cumnor Place, and rid his master of her for ever. Leicester swears to reserve Tressilian for his own revenge. Varney carries off the countess, and Leicester, fearing he might be too hasty in executing his purpose, writes a counter-order, which he despatches by Lambourne to Varney. Leicester and Tressilian encounter, but are interrupted. They retire, but renew the combat next day, when Tressilian would have received the fatal blow, had not his arm been arrested by the boy, Dickie Sledge, who produced the lost letter from the countess to the earl:—

The letter dropped from Leicester's hand when he had perused it. "Take my sword," he said, "Tressilian, and pierce my heart, as I would but now have pierced your's!"

Wayland at the same moment came up; and, interrogated by Leicester, hastily detailed all the circumstances of his escape with Amy,—the fatal practices which had driven her to flight,—and her anxious desire to throw herself under the instant protection of her husband,—pointing out the evidence of the domestics of Kenilworth, "who could not," he observed, "but remember her eager inquiries after the earl of Leicester on her first arrival."

"My own quarrel with you," said Tressilian, "is ended, my lord; but there is another to begin with the seducer of Amy Robsart, who has screened his guilt under the cloak of the infamous Varney."

"The seducer of Amy!" replied Leicester, with a voice like thunder; "say her husband!—her misguided, blinded, most unworthy husband!—She is as surely countess of Leicester, as I am belted earl. Nor can you, sir, point out that manner of justice which I will not render her at my own free will. I need scarce say, I fear not your compulsion."

"My lord," he said, calmly, "I mean you no offence, and am far from seeking a quarrel. But my duty to Sir Hugh Robsart compels me to carry this matter instantly to the queen, that the countess's rank may be acknowledged in her person."

"You shall not need, sir," replied the earl, haughtily; "do not dare to interfere. No voice but Dudley's shall proclaim Dudley's infamy.—To Elizabeth herself will I tell it, and then for Cumnor-Place with the speed of life and death?"

So saying, he unbound his horse from the tree, threw himself into the saddle, and rode at full gallop towards the castle.

The queen learns from Tressilian the

whole of Amy's unhappy story, and reproaches Leicester with great severity:—

At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. "Madam," he said, "I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment has expressed. Yet, madam, let me say, that my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was not unprovoked; and that if beauty and condescending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your majesty."

The queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. "Your grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yestern-morning accounted but a light offence."

The queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, "Now, by Heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience! But it shall avail thee nothing.—What ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a king. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us."

All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment when the queen said to those next her, "The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage."

There was an universal expression of surprise.

"It is true, on our royal word," said the queen; "he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—it is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney."

"For God's sake, madam," said the

earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, "take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm."

"A worm, my lord!" said the queen, in the same tone; "nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was warned in a certain bosom——"

"For your own sake—for mine, madam," said the earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me——"

"Speak aloud, my lord," said Elizabeth, "and at farther distance, so please you—your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?"

"Permission," said the unfortunate earl, humbly, "to travel to Cumnor-Place."

The queen refuses, and orders Tressilian, accompanied by Raleigh, to be despatched to Cumnor. On their way they find Lambourne, who had been shot by Varney, lest he should no longer conceal his villanies. Varney reaches Cumnor with the countess.

On the next day, when evening approached, Varney summoned Foster to the execution of their plan. Tider and Foster's old man-servant were sent on a feigned errand down to the village, and Anthony himself, as if anxious to see that the countess suffered no want of accommodation, visited her place of confinement. He was so much staggered at the mildness and patience with which she seemed to endure her confinement, that he could not help earnestly recommending to her not to cross the threshold of her room on any account whatsoever, until Lord Leicester should come, "which," he added, "I trust in God, will be very soon." Amy patiently promised that she would resign herself to her fate, and Foster returned to his hardened companion with his conscience half-eased of the perilous load that weighed on it. "I have warned her," he said; "surely in vain is the snare set in sight of any bird."

He left, therefore, the countess's door unsecured on the outside, and under the eye of Varney, withdrew the supports which sustained the falling trap, which, therefore, kept its level position merely by a slight adhesion. They withdrew to wait the issue on the ground-floor adjoining, but they waited long in vain. At length Varney, after walking long to and fro, with his face muffled in his cloak, threw it suddenly back, and said, "Surely never was a woman fool enough to neglect so fair an opportunity of escape!"

"Perhaps she is resolved," said Foster, "to await her husband's return."

"True!—most true," said Varney, rushing out, "I had not thought of that before."

In less than two minutes, Foster, who remained behind, heard the tread of a horse in the court-yard, and then a whistle similar to that which was the earl's usual signal; the instant after, the door of the countess's chamber opened, and, in the same moment the trap-door gave way. There was a rushing sound—a heavy fall—a faint groan—and all was over.

At the same instant, Varney called in at the window, in an accent and tone which was an indescribable mixture between horror and rallery, "Is the bird caught?—Is the deed done?"

"O God, forgive us!" replied Anthony Foster.

"Why, thou fool," said Varney, "thy toil is ended, and thy reward secure. Look down into the vault—what seest thou?"

"I see only a heap of white clothes, like a snow-drift," said Foster. "O God, she moves her arm!"

"Hurl something down on her.—Thy gold chest, Tony—it is a heavy one."

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend!" replied Foster;—"There needs nothing more—she is gone!"

"So pass our troubles," said Varney, entering the room; "I dreamed not I could have mimicked the earl's call so well."

"Oh, if there be judgment in Heaven, thou hast deserved it," said Foster, "and wilt meet it!—Thou hast destroyed her by means of her best affections.—It is a seething of the kid in the mother's milk."

Tressilian and Raleigh arrived; when Varney seemed to take a fiendish pleasure in pointing out to them the remains of the murdered countess, while he, at the same time, defied them to show that he had any share in her death. Varney took poison, and Foster betaking him to a place of concealment in his own house, locked the door on himself, and, being unable to escape, miserably perished. Janet hearing no tidings of her father, became the mistress of his property, and conferred it with her hand on Wayland. Dickie Sludge's acute genius, raised him to favour and distinction in the employment of Burleigh and Cecil. Sir Hugh Robsart died very soon after his daughter, having left his estate to Tressilian, who embarked with Raleigh for Virginia, and young in years but old in grief, died, before his day, in that foreign land.



## WOMAN'S LOVE.

IN ANSWER TO THE STANZAS, PAGE 32.

(For the Mirror.)

Yes! Woman's love, e'en in its bud  
Of brightness dies away,  
When cold neglect and manhood's frown  
The tender roots decay.  
But nourish'd by affection's dew,  
The blossom will expand,  
And rip'ning into fruit, at length  
Reward the fostering hand.

CLAVIS.

DUCROW, OR THE MATCHLESS  
EQUESTRIAN.

(For the Mirror.)

INTERFID, great horseman! what merit is thine,  
To leave at a distance each one in your line;  
Like a star that outlustrs the gem-stars of night,  
Thy brilliancy shines forth a comet of light!

Like the north wind, that rushes impetuous  
along,  
Thy speed shews a strength both surprising and  
strong;  
Bold, cautious, yet daring in action and grace,  
How few can compete with your skill in the race.

Like *Proteus*, thy power can change at your  
will,  
And yet rise, in wonder, an *Anteus* still!  
Metamorphosed or not every art is your own,  
The *first* and most noble of horsemen yet known.

Yes, matchless Ducrow! \*—and long, long, like  
to be,  
Ere time shews another equestrian like thee!  
Ner a sight more impressive can spread its  
charm wider,  
Than the high-mettled steed, and an elegant  
rider.

UTOPIA.

\* The art of horsemanship as exhibited by Mr. Ducrow, shews, in some manner, a species of riding altogether *new* to the world, and consigns the worn out namby-pamby tameness, witnessed in jumping up and down from the ring to the "tomb of the Capulets;"\* or, in other words, buried for ever, as it ought to have been some fifty years ago.

## THE SAGE AND THE SCHOOL-BOY.

A CONTRASTED SOLILOQUY.

(For the Mirror.)

This day I complete my sixty-fifth year, near fifty of which have been entirely devoted to study. Having, for so long a period, secluded myself from the busy hum of the giddy multitude that I might more readily apply myself to books and literary pursuits, (by which I find I have greatly impaired my eye-sight and debilitated my constitution) let me now consider the result of my ardent endeavours to grasp universal knowledge.

As a preliminary step to my darling object, I first acquired a perfect acquaintance with the treasures of classical learning; moreover, I also learned most of the modern continental languages—and there is hardly an author of note, who has written upon subjects, at all connected with my views, with whom I am not well acquainted.

The contradictory statements of many writers, and the speculative theories of others, have almost bewildered my faculties, and I find myself nothing benefited from the painful study of such multiplied and conflicting authorities.

I am perfectly versed, it is true, in the routine of science, but all my theory avails not as explanatory of causes and their effects in many of the commonest circumstances and natural productions. How shall I draw the line between the boasted prerogative of man (*reason*), and the *instinct* of the animal creation? will books enable me to trace the operations of the mind upon the body? or how seeds grow up into plants? will they inform me, why flowers, thriving upon the same soil for the self-same period, and nourished by an exact participation of air, climate, &c. are yet of different colours? Poor, indeed, is my information upon these and thousands of similar subjects—almost as ignorant as the untutored peasant, I am, after all, lost in the consciousness of my own simplicity.

Thus far the sage; now for the self-confident school-boy:—

Well, thank my stars! I have this Midsummer escaped from the fetters of school; only think what a hardship to be kept to musty books till sixteen! Let me see—I have been rivetted to study ever since I was six years old! and although it is a long while, yet considering the wonderful variety and extent of my acquirements, it is indeed truly astonishing how I could get through them all.

Everybody admits that my elocution is excellent; indeed, I won the silver medal for speaking the oration last Easter—as to my composition, I have obtained great praise for several essays and poems. I have got through all the Latin and Greek authors read at schools—I know French, Italian, and German well—with regard to mathematics, I have been twice through Euclid, and all the intricate problems in algebra and conic sections—then as for history, geography, the globes, drawing, music, dancing, fencing, and such *trifles*, I am quite a dabster at all of them.

Well, it's no wonder I am so clever after all this time and trouble—and when I am out in the world, I'll cut a rare figure I warrant me—I'll puzzle some of

the old fusty syntaxers, and make them  
ashamed of themselves.

July, 1826.

JACOBUS.

### EPIGRAMS.

#### I.

PIQUED at being single, though averse  
to show it,

Cries Deborah, "I'm determined ne'er  
to marry."

Now, Deb'rah, you've spoken truth, and  
well I know it,

For while other women live, your point  
you'll carry.

#### II.

*Sent with a couple of Snipes to a Lady.*

SNIPES, sent as a present, will surely  
offend,

Although as a present this couple I send;  
They are not a gift and allow it you will,  
Whilst each bird presents you with such a  
long bill.

#### III.

*On an Old Maid, who indulged in the  
application of Rouge.*

BRIDGET ! at this truth do not faint,  
But there never sure a man was,  
Who, notwithstanding all your paint,  
Could not plainly see the canvass.

#### IV.

*On Sir Astley Cooper, Bart.*

Hint taken from the Epigram by Doctor  
Lettsom. "When Patients sad to me  
apply," &c. &c.

In surgery, Sir Astley's skill,  
Has justly brought him lucre;  
He has fully prov'd, and does still,  
No Surgeon's like A. Cooper.

J. L.

## Origins and Inventions.

### No. XVIII.

#### ALDERMAN,

FORMERLY one of the three degrees of nobility among the Saxons. *Athelm* was the first, *Thane* the lowest, and *Alderman* the same as Earl among the Danes, and answering to our earl or count at present. It was also used in the time of King Edgar, for a judge or justice; in which sense *Alwin* is called *aldermannus totius Angliæ*. But now aldermen are associates to the chief civil magistrate of a city, or town corporate. The number of these magistrates is not limited, but more or less according to the magnitude of the

place. Those of London were first appointed in 1242, and are twenty-six in number; each having one of the wards of the city committed to his care. Their office is for life; so that when one of them dies, or resigns, a ward-mote is called, who return two persons, one of whom the lord mayor and aldermen choose to supply the vacancy. By the charter of the city of London, all the aldermen who have been lord mayors, together with the three eldest ones not arrived at that dignity, are justices of the peace.

#### BOROUGH.

THE word, in its original signification, meant a company, consisting of ten families, which were bound together as each other's pledge. Afterwards borough came to signify a town, having a wall or some kind of enclosure round. And all places that in old time had the name of borough, it is said, were fortified, or fenced, in some shape or other. Borough is a place of safety and privilege; and some are called free burghs, and the tradesmen in them free burgesses, from a freedom they had granted to them originally, to buy and sell without disturbance, and exempt from toll. Borough is now particularly appropriated to such towns or villages as send burgesses or representatives to parliament, whether they be incorporated or not. They are distinguished into those by charter or statute, and those by prescription or custom; the number in England is one hundred and forty-nine, some of which send one, but the most of them two representatives. Royal boroughs in Scotland, are corporations made for the advantage of trade, by charters granted by several of their kings, having the privilege of sending commissioners to represent them in parliament, besides other peculiar immunities.

#### UNIVERSITIES,

HAD their first rise in the 12th and 13th centuries. Those of Paris and Bologna are said to be the first that were set on foot; but then they were on a different footing from the universities among us. Our own universities, of Oxford and Cambridge, seem entitled to the greatest antiquity of any in the world; and Balliol and Merton colleges in Oxford, and St. Peter's in Cambridge, all made colleges in the 13th century, may be said to be the first regular endowments of this kind in Europe. For though University College in Cambridge had been a place for students ever since the year 872, yet this, like many of the other ancient colleges beyond sea, and Leyden to this day, was no proper college; but the students,

without any distinction of habit, lived in citizens' houses, having only meeting places to hear lectures and disputes. In after times there were houses built for the students to live in society; only each to be at his own charge, as in the inns of courts; these, at first, were called inns, but now halls. At last plentiful revenues were settled on several of these halls, to maintain the students in diet, apparel, &c., and these were called colleges. In the University of Oxford, there are 2,220 members of convocation, and 4,792 members on the boards. In the University of Cambridge, there are 1,854 members of the senate, and 4,866 members on the boards, making a total of 9,658 students on the boards at both Universities. In 1748, there were 1,500 members on the Cambridge boards; in 1813, there were 2,005; in 1825, they had increased to 4,700; and in 1826, to 4,866, as above stated. The Universities of Scotland are four, St. Andrews, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. In Ireland there is only one University, that of Dublin.

## COURT OF CHANCERY.

THIS court seems to date its rise at the close of the 14th century. It was highly obnoxious to the professors of the common law, who, by their interest in the House of Commons, procured a petition against it from the parliament of Edward IV. in 1474. The influence of the prelates, however, defeated this attempt, and its establishment encountered no further difficulties. The chancellor is supposed originally to have been a notary or scribe under the emperors, and named *cancellarius*, because he sat behind a lathee, called in Latin *cancellus*, to avoid being crowded by the people. According to some accounts, the chancellor originally presided over a political college of secretaries, for the writing of treaties, and other public business; and the court of equity, under the old constitution, was held before the king and his council, in the palace, where one supreme court, and for business of every kind, was kept. At first the chancellor became a judge, to hear and determine petitions to the king, which were preferred to him; and in the end, as business increased, the people addressed their suit to the chancellor, and not to the king; and thus the chancellor's equitable power, by degrees, commenced by prescription. All other justices are tied to the strict rules of the law in their judgments; but the chancellor is invested with the king's absolute power, to moderate the written law, governing his judgment purely by the law of nature and conscience, and ordering all

things according to equity and justice. In this respect, Staunford says, the chancellor has two powers, one absolute, the other ordinary; meaning, that although by his ordinary power, in some cases, he must observe the forms of proceedings as other inferior judges; yet in his absolute power, he is not limited by the law, but by conscience and equity. This dignity is the highest honour of the long robe, being made so *per traditionem magni sigilli, per dominum regem*, and by taking the oaths; he is the first person of the realm next after the king, and princes of the blood, in all civil affairs; and is the chief administrator of justice, next the sovereign, being the judge of the Court of Chancery. The lord chancellor not only keeps the king's great seal, but also all patents, commissions, warrants, &c. from the king, are, before they are signed, perused by him; he has the disposition of all ecclesiastical benefices in the gift of the crown under £20 a year, in the king's books. He is also speaker of the House of Lords, and out of this court are issued writs to convene the parliament and convocation, proclamations and charters, &c.

## CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

THE celebrated Harvey, in the year 1628, published his discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was of the most importance to physic of any that was ever made, and acquired him an immortal name. Nevertheless there are others who contend for the glory of this important discovery. Leonicensus says, that Fran. Paoli Sarpi, a Venetian, discovered the circulation, but durst not publish his discovery for fear of the inquisition; that he therefore only communicated the secret to Fab. ab Aquapendente, who, after his death, deposited the book he had composed on it in the library of St. Mark, where it lay a long time, till Aquapendente discovered the secret to Harvey, who then studied under him at Padua, and who, upon his return to England, a land of liberty, published it as his own. But Sir George Ent has shewn, that Father Paul received the first notion of the circulation of the blood from Harvey's book on that subject, which was carried to Venice by the ambassador of the republic at the court of England. As a benefactor of mankind, he is, as Hume proceeds, "entitled to the glory of having made, by reasoning alone, without any mixture of accident, a capital discovery in one of the most important branches of science. He had also the happiness of establishing at once this theory on the most solid and convincing proofs; and

posterity has added little to the arguments suggested by his industry and ingenuity. His treatise of the circulation of the blood is farther embellished by that warmth and spirit which so naturally accompany the genius of invention. This great man was much favoured by Charles I., who gave him the liberty of using all the deer in the royal forests for perfecting his discoveries on the generation of animals. It was remarked, that no physician in Europe, who had reached forty years of age, ever, to the end of his life, adopted Harvey's doctrine of the circulation of the blood, and that his practice in London diminished extremely, from the reproach drawn upon him by that great and signal discovery. So slow is the progress of truth in every science, even when not opposed by factious or superstitious prejudices." He died in 1657, aged 79. As to the velocity of the circulating blood, and the time wherein the circulation is completed, several computations have been made. By Dr. Keil's account, the blood is driven out of the heart into the aorta with a velocity which would carry it twenty-five feet in a minute; but this velocity is continually abated in the progress of the blood, in the numerous sections or branches of the arteries, so that before it arrive at the extremities of the blood, its motion is infinitely diminished. The space of time wherein the whole mass of blood ordinarily circulates, is variously determined; some state it thus, supposing the heart to make two thousand pulses in an hour, and that at every pulse there is expelled an ounce of blood, as the whole mass of blood is not ordinarily computed to exceed twenty-four pounds, it must be circulated seven or eight times over in the space of an hour. The quantity of blood taken into the heart, and expelled therefrom into arteries, by successive pulsations, in the course of twenty-four hours, has been lately estimated by Dr. Kidd at 24½ hogshheads in an ordinary man, and 8,000 hogshheads in a large whale. So that the whole mass of blood in such a man, reckoning at 55 pints, passes 288 times through his head daily, or once in five minutes, by 375 pulsations, each expelling about 1½ oz. of blood, or about three table spoonful in a minute.

F. R. Y.

## Scientific Amusements.

No. XIV.

### TO MAKE AN ARTIFICIAL EARTH-QUAKE AND VOLCANO.

GRIND an equal quantity of fresh iron-filings with sulphur, till the whole is re-

duced to a fine powder; be careful not to let any wet come near to it; then bury about twenty pounds of it a foot deep in the earth, and in about six or eight hours the ground will heave and swell, and shortly after send forth smoke and flame like a burning mountain.

### TO MAKE BALLOONS IN MINIATURE.

PROCURE a bladder furnished with a stop; fill it with hydrogen gas, and then adapt a tobacco-pipe to it; dip the bowl of the pipe into soap and water, and by pressing the bladder soap-bubbles will be formed, filled with hydrogen gas; these bubbles will rise in the air as they are formed.

### A CHEMICAL LANDSCAPE.

DRAW a landscape with Indian ink, and paint the foliage of the vegetables with a solution of muriate of cobalt, and some of the flowers with acetate of cobalt, and others with muriate of copper. While the picture is cold, it will appear merely an outline of a landscape or winter scene; but when gently warmed, the trees and flowers will be displayed in their natural colours.

### TRANSMUTATION OF COLOURS.

INTO a wine-glass of water put a few drops of prussiate of potash, and a little diluted solution of sulphate of iron into another glass; by pouring these two colourless fluids together, a bright deep blue will be produced immediately, which is the true Prussian blue.

### TO WRITE ON GLASS BY MEANS OF THE SUN'S RAYS.

DISSOLVE chalk in aquafortis to the consistence of milk, and add to it a strong solution of silver. Keep this liquor in a glass decanter well stopped, then cut out from a paper the letters you would have appear; paste it on the decanter, and lay it in the sun's rays in such a manner that the rays may pass through the spaces cut out in the paper, and fall on the surface of the liquor; then that part of the glass through which the rays pass will be turned black, while that under the paper will remain white. Particular care must be taken that the bottle be not moved during the operation.

### TO MAKE THE APPEARANCE OF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING WHEN ANY ONE ENTERS THE ROOM WITH A LIGHTED CANDLE.

DISSOLVE camphor in spirits of wine, and deposit the vessel containing the solution in a very close room, where you must evaporate the spirit of wine by strong

and speedy boiling. If then any one enters the room with a lighted candle, the air will inflame, but it is of so short duration as to occasion no danger.

#### TO SUSPEND A RING BY A THREAD WHICH HAS BEEN BURNT.

THE thread having been previously soaked in common salt and water, tie it to a ring not larger than a wedding ring when you apply the flame of a candle to it though the thread be burnt to ashes yet it will sustain the ring.

#### GLASS BROKEN BY THE AIR.

LAY a square of glass on the top of an open receiver and exhaust the air, the weight of the external air will press on the glass and smash it to atoms. J. L.

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### ILL-TEMPER — ILL-NATURE AND ILL-HUMOUR.

THE English language is rich in terms for expressing the various shades and nuances of intellectual and sensitive endowments and infirmities. Unlike the French, who are confined to the one poor "l'esprit," we have wit, fancy, imagination, sense, humour, fear, apprehension, and many other expressions of modality; for all of which the aforesaid "l'esprit" is for the most part compelled to do duty alone and unassisted. So likewise our mother-tongue indicates no less than three distinct modifications of that malevolence with which too frequently we regard our friends and associates; ill-temper, ill-nature, and ill-humour. By an ill-tempered man, we mean one who is impatient of trifling annoyances, who is roused by petty provocations, to hasty and unmeasured language and actions, but who is generally as easily appeased; his fire being, like that of straw, as evanescent as it is sudden. Such an individual, when the corns of his irritability are not trodden upon, may be gay, cheerful, and benevolent; and if the habit has not been suffered to gain head, need not be

"Quite a madman though a pasty fellow."

In general, however, he is an unsafe companion; and to converse with him is to inhabit over a volcano.

An ill-natured man is one who has a perverse pleasure in the misfortunes of his fellow-creatures; one who enjoys all the vexations and disappointments of his neighbours; not because they afford materials for laughter, but because they give

pain to the victims. The best natured man in the world may be amused by the perplexity of a diner-out, if caught in a beau-trap, when "figged out" for the occasion, and hurrying on at the last moment in his way to the friendly mahogany; or at a bungling pretender to the off-edge, when he comes with his *sedesunt* upon the ice, with more force than goodwill. If a plate of hot soup should empty itself on a friend's spick and span casimeers, rendering it a doubtful point whether the grease or the caloric constitute the largest part of what Jeremy Bentham would call the matter of punishment, he might indulge in a smile, or even jeer the sufferer with the customary axiom of "summum jus summa injuria;" but his laugh will be tempered with a certain share of sympathy, and a friendly apprehension of enhancing the evil by the appearance of too much gratification. With an ill-natured man, the pleasure on such occasions will be proportioned exclusively to the pain. He prefers a broken leg to a bruise; he would like the broth to scald, and the inexpressibles to be neither cleansable nor replaceable. Such a man chuckles when his friend gains a blank in the lottery, or marries a tartar, or loses a favourite horse, or sees his play damned, exclaiming, "Ah, now he will be taken down a peg;" "Now we shall see him buckle too," or the like expression of spite or triumph. Such a fellow was designed by nature to fill the office of the slave in the conqueror's car, and damp the gratification of successful merit, by reminding the general of his mortality. Times of public calamity and "pecuniary crisis" are his harvest-home. The first thing he looks to in a newspaper is the list of bankrupts; and next to that he enjoys an action for crim. con., or for slander, an elopement, or in general any exposure of character. He is the first to rip up an old story of failure or disgrace, against his equals who have risen in the world; to "remember the time" when my Lord Mayor's note would not discount for twenty pounds; when Sir Somebody Something wore a livery; or to recal the fact that old Mrs. Graveairs made a slip when she was sixteen, and was stopped by her husband at Dartford, on her way to the Continent, with Captain Love-  
more.

Very different from these personages is the ill-humoured man. Such a man may be just, generous, and upon great occasions compassionate and friendly; but in his ordinary intercourse with society he overflows with an unceasing stream of bitterness. All his remarks are severe, harsh, and annoying; and in the moments

of his relaxation, in the hour of social enjoyment, he is morose, snappish, and insolent.

The ill-humoured man differs from the ill-natured man in this, that he does not rejoice in misfortunes, but takes pleasure only in seeing his friends uncomfortable; and he has no delight even in this measure of annoyance, if he himself is not the author of it. Again, he differs from the ill-tempered man, because the latter must have some one to be angry with; whereas the ill-humoured man is at odds with himself; the ill-tempered man must have an external occasion for excitement, the ill-humoured goes out of himself to seek for the food of his humour.

This last modification of disposition is decidedly English; and whether it be attributable to "*les brouillards d'Angleterre*;" to the beef and puddingising; the anxious money-getting, or other causes peculiar to England and Englishmen, it is rarely to be met with on the continent, in the same intensity in which it prevails at home. Individuals, indeed, of all nations, may be subject to occasional fits of spleen and discontent; but it is among Englishmen exclusively that we find ill-humour an *état à manière d'être*, which clings to a man at all periods of life; and is neither mitigated by the successes of love, of vanity, or of ambition, nor requires to be awakened by disappointment and vexation. Ill-humour is a strictly constitutional disease; and as its occasional paroxysms are rarely brought on by the more serious evils of existence, but are excited by a perverse accumulation of petty annoyances, so the disposition itself does not appear to depend upon any notable deviation from health, but to arise from some obscure hitch or embarrassment in the more intimate movements of the frame, which, without tending to sickness or dissolution, is destructive of that diffusive animal pleasure, which, in happier constitutions, is derived from the mere sentiment of existence. It should seem as if, in persons thus constituted, the capillary systems were so many fountains of irritation, from which flow in upon the sensorium an accumulated torrent of inappreciable impressions, which do not engender pain, but yet fret the disposition, "like a gummed velvet," and throw the mind upon the external world, in search of those causes of uneasiness which are in reality internal. "The humours of the body," says a moral writer, "imperceptibly influence the will, so that they enter, for a large part, into all our actions, without our being aware of it; and thus it is that the ill-

humoured man punishes, in his friends, the outrages of some peccant lymph circulating in his own veins; and revenges himself nobly on society for the offences of his liver or pancreas. Accordingly, it happens that a severe fit of illness will much abate this congenital disease of the mind, by changing the habitual current of the humours. In the same manner, a fire, the death of a friend, or a heavy pecuniary loss, will render an ill-humoured man, for a short time, much more civilized and amenable in society; and he will not lose this temporary good feeling till time and circumstance shall have restored him to his ordinary good spirits. This peculiarity of disposition is a great defect in the national character, not only as it occasions much unhappiness to the bystanders, but as it bespeaks much uneasiness in the subject, for it never could exist where life was attended with pleasure. The happy are ever pleased with the happiness of others. Ill-humour vests itself in a thousand ways, which contribute to impress upon foreigners the notion of English morosity, and reconcile them to their native despotisms, by a reflection on the effects of an English climate.

An ill-humoured man in the bosom of his family sits like a spider in the centre of its web, in watchful and unceasing malice against all around him. No sooner does a burst of cheerfulness explode in his presence, than he hastens to repress it by a sarcasm or a rebuke. He studies the weakness of his friends in order to play upon them with more effect; and as the hackney coachman "makes a raw" on his horse's shoulder to flog his callous hide to better purpose, so the ill-natured man delights to awaken an outraged feeling, to notice an imperfection, to shock a prejudice, and, in one word, to say to every individual the most unpleasant and vexatious things that recur to his recollection. The great pretext for this cantankerous indulgence is, that the party loves to speak his mind. He, forsooth, is a plain downright man, who always utters what he thinks; and he is too good an Englishman to make cringes and *congees* like a foreigner. For my own part, I hate most cordially these truth-tellers, and would almost as soon live with the father of lies himself, (provided I might choose the *venue* of the habitation,) as associate with these very candid and very impertinent companions, who, after all, differ from their continental neighbours less, perhaps, in the love of speaking their thoughts, than in not thinking kindly on any subject.

*New Monthly Magazine.*



## Miscellanies.

### PRACTICABILITY.

It is common for men to say that such and such things are perfectly right—very desirable; but that, unfortunately they are not practicable—Oh! no, no. Those things which are not practicable, are not desirable. There is nothing in the world really beneficial that does not lie within the reach of an informed understanding and a well directed pursuit. There is nothing that God has judged good for us that he has not given us the means to accomplish, both in the natural and moral world. If we cry like children for the moon, like children we may cry on.

BURKE.

### THE FIRE-CROSS.

WHEN one Highland chieftain received any provocation or slight from another, or when he had reason to apprehend an invasion of his territories, he straightway formed a cross of light wood, seared its extremities in fire, and extinguished it in the blood of some animal (commonly a goat) alain for the purpose. He next gave it to some messenger in whose fidelity and expedition he could confide, who immediately ran with it to the nearest hamlet, and delivered it into the hands of the first active brother vassal he met, mentioning merely the name of the place of gathering, which he had previously learned from his chief. This second person, who well understood the purport of the message, proceeded to the next village, with the same expedition, and with the same words as his precursor. And thus, from place to place, was this instrument conveyed through extensive districts, with a celerity that can scarcely be credited. Degradation or death fell upon all who rejected the summons of this mute messenger of bloodshed. In 1745, the *fire-cross* traversed the wide district of Broadalbane, upwards of thirty miles, in three hours! This instrument was also in use among the Scandinavian nations.

*Armstrong's Gaelic Dictionary.*

### RISE OF THE DRAMA IN ENGLAND.

WILLIAM FITZSTEPHEN, a monk of Canterbury, who wrote in the reign of Henry II. and died in 1191, in speaking of the performances of the stage, says, "London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatre, hath plays of a more holy subject; representations of

those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear." In the reign of Edward III. it was ordained by the act of parliament, that the *strollers* should be whipt and banished out of London on account of the scandalous masquerades which they represented. By these masquerades we are to understand a species of entertainment similar to the performances of the mummers; of which some remains were to be met with so late as on Christmas-eve, 1817, in an obscure village in Cumberland, where there was a numerous party of them. Their *drama* related to some historical subject, and several of the speeches were in verse, and delivered with "good emphasis." The whole concluded with a battle, in which one of the heroes was subdued; but the main character was a jester, who constantly interrupted the heroics with his buffoonery, like the clown in the tragedies of Calderon, the Spanish Shakspeare. The play of *Hook-Tuesday*, performed before queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, was in dumb show, the actors not having had time to get their parts. "It represented," says Dr. Percy, in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, after Laneham, the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, king Ethelred's chieftain in wars; his counselling and contriving the plot to despatch them; concluding with conflicts (between Danish and English warriors,) and their final suppression, expressed in actions and rhimes after their manner. One can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete tragedy."

The drama in England, undoubtedly, arose much in the same way as it did in Greece. The strollers or vagrants, with their theatres in the yards of inns, answer to the company and exhibitions of *Thespis*; and the improvements were gradual, till at last, to use the words of Sir George Buck, who wrote in 1631, "Dramatick poesy is so lively expressed and represented upon the public stages and theatres of this city, (London) as Rome in the highest pitch of her pomp and glory never saw it better performed."

### SLAVE TRADE ACROSS THE GREAT DESERT OF AFRICA.

MAJOR DENHAM, in his *Travels*, gives the most dreadful pictures of the misery to which the Negroes sent across the Desert of Northern Africa, to be sold in Egypt, Barbary, and all over the East, are exposed. Immense numbers of skeletons are found all over the path trod by

these caravans; and as "not even an insect can live there," the skeletons are quite entire, the skin dried on the bone in such a way, that after the lapse of eight months, a merchant in the major's company could easily recognize a young man whom he himself had lost on his last journey. This frightful account recalls to our recollection some very sensible remarks, and one very striking fact, in the "Recollections, Personal and Political, of J. Nicholls, Esq., M.P.," published two or three years ago:—

"The advocates for the abolition of the slave-trade, seem not to have recollected that the western coast of Africa is not the only outlet for slaves; perhaps a larger proportion is sent out through Egypt; and the misery of those who travel this road is far greater than that of the Negroes who are transported from the western coast of Africa by sea. The late Mr. Browne, who travelled from Darfur to Siout in Egypt, with a caravan, consisting of about 10,000 Negroes, told me, that the misery experienced by the slaves exceeded everything that could be conceived. By way of proof, he mentioned that of seven camels which he had bought at Darfur, for the conveyance of his baggage, five had died from fatigue or want of water, in the passage through the desert. What must have been the misery of the negro, when the camel, which seems an animal almost formed by nature for the desert, thus sunk under its sufferings?"

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wootton.

### ANECDOTE OF AN ELEPHANT.

At Mahie, on the coast of Malabar, the owner of an elephant one day lent him out for hire. His occupation consisted in drawing timber for building; out of a river, which he performed very dexterously with his trunk under the guidance of a boy. He then piled the beams upon each other with such regularity, that no human being could possibly have done it in a better manner.

### EPIGRAM.

A DRUNKARD's doctor gave this precept strong:

"Drink less, and thus you will your days prolong."

"True," quoth the toper—"yesterday my clay

Imbided one bottle only—and I say,  
I never passed so horrid long a day."

AN Irishman, in France, drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in," "Aye, with all my sowl, my dear," said he, "here's poor ould Ireland."

QUIN dining one day at an ordinary was seated next to a person of a most voracious disposition, and observing him to cut a very large piece of bread, which he laid by his plate against the bringing up of dinner, the wit took it up and pretended to cut a piece off it. This was quickly noticed by the other, who told him in a very abrupt manner, "that it was his bread." "I ask pardon," said Quin, in his usual deliberate way, "I really took it for the loaf."

"So Captain Silk has arrived at Versailles," said a lady. "Heavens, what a name for a soldier." "The best name in the world," said a wit, "for silk you know can never be *worsted*."

A PROPRIETOR of one of the new canals being in company with three or four others taking a survey of the cut on horseback, was expressing himself rather angrily about the losses he had sustained by the speculation, when his horse suddenly started and pitched him plump into the water. On reaching the bank one of his friends congratulated him on the happy change in his affairs. "I told you," said he, "the canal would fill your pockets for you one of these days."

A GENTLEMAN having employed an attorney to do some business for him, was greatly surprised on looking at his bill to find it amount to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assured him there was nothing in the bill but what was fair and reasonable. "Nay," said the gentleman, "there is one item I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down 3s. 4d. for going to Piccadilly, when none of my business lay that way." "Oh, Sir," said the lawyer, "that was for inquiring after the game which you sent me out of the country."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are again obliged to trespass on the kindness of our numerous Correspondents; but in our next number answers to most of them will be found.

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